The Edward James's Lively Cargo. From the Morning Oreginian.

Old residents may remember the celebrated trading voyage of the bark Edward James from this port to Honolulu, but there are

thousands here now who have never heard the story and who would split their sides with

laughter if they could hear it told as the

Loss of Life at Sea. From Engineering.

at sea, and though we do not wish to check

the zeal of men who have done noble service

in safeguarding our sailors from the practices

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THE ADVENTURE OF

THE COPPER BEICHESS.
BY COMA DOTA.

The dress with L form white the same of excellent and the same of the sa

Mrs. Rucastle to find her eyes fixed upon me with a most searching glance. She said nothing but I am convinced that she had divined that I had a mirror in my hand and had seen

what was behind me. She rose at once.
"'Jephro,' said she, 'there is an impertment fellow upon the road there who stares up at

"No friend of yours, Miss Hunter?' he asked. "' No. I know no one in these parts." "'Dear me! How very importment! Kindly turn round and motion him to go away.'
"It would be better to take no notice.'

"No no; we should have him loitering here always. Kindly turn round and wave him away like that." 'I did as I was told, and at the same instant

Mrs. Rucastle draw down the blind. That was a week ago, and from that time I have not sat again in the window, nor have I worn the blue

Pray e entinue." said Holmes. "Your narrative promises to be a most interesting one."
"You will find it rather disconnected. I fear, and there may prove to be little relation between the different incidents of which I speak. On the very first day that I was at the Copper Besches Mr. Rueastie took me to a small outhouse which stands near the kitchen door. As we approached it I heard the sharp rattling of achain and the sound as of a large animal

moving about.
"Look in here,' said Mr. Rucastle, showing me a slit between two planks. 'Is he not a

"I looked through and was conscious of two glowing eyes and of a vague figure huddled

up in the darkness.
"Don't be frightened, said my employer, laughing at the start I had given. 'It's only Carlo, my mastiff. I call him mine, but really old Toller, my groom, is the only man who can do anything with him. We only feed him once a day, and not too much then, so that he is al-Waysan keen as mustard. Toller lets him loose every night, and God help the trespassor whom he lays his fangs upon. For goodness sake, don't you ever, on any protext, set your foot over the threshold at night, for it is as

much as your life is worth."

The warning was no ille one, for two nights later I happened to look out of my bedroom window about 2 o'clock in the morning. It window about 2 o'clock in the morning. It
was beautiful moonlight night, and the lawn
in front of the house was slivered over and aimost as bright as day. I was standing, rapt
in the lear ful bearly of the scene, when I was
sware that senething was moving under the
shadow of the copper beaches. As it emorged
its the mo-nishter saw what it was. It was
agiant dog, as large as a call, tawny tinted,
with hanging low, black muzzle, and huge
proceting sames. It walks slowly across too
lawn, and vanished into the shadow upon the
other side. That dreadful silent sentined sent
a chill to my heart which I do not think any
burgan cault have done.

And now have a very strange experience
to tell you. I had, as you know, can off my
had in Lendon and I had doned it in a great
coil atthe settom of my than. One evening
after the child was in bed I beganded nurse
anyel by rearranging my one.

sonite some one and the real person is more thank any burner camber. That is obvious that the control of my a very stance experience and in possibly and the sonite of my and the control of my thank and the sonite of my room, the an of the sonite of my room, the an of the sonite of my room, the sonite of my distributed in the sonite of my room, the sonite of my distributed in the sonite of my room, and and the sonite of my room, and the sonite of my distributed in the sonite of my room, and the son

Then pray sit down and let us hear it, for

in this dim light that I was irightened and ran out again. Oh, it is so dreadfully still in there!"

"'Only that?" said he, looking at me keenly.

"'Why, what did you think? I asked.

"'Why do you think? I asked.

"I am sure that I do not know."

"I am sure that I do not know."

"I am sure that I do not know."

"I was the known."

"Well, then, you know now. And if you ever put your loot over that threshold again—here in an instant the smile hardened into a grin of race and he glared down at me with the face of a demon—'I'll throw you to the mastiff.'

I was so terrified that I do not know what I did. I suppose that I must have rushed past I was so terrified that I do not know what I did. I suppose that I must have rushed past I found myself lying upon my bed trembling allover. Then I thought of you, Mr. Hoimes: I could not live there longer without some advice. I was fightened of the shield. They were all horrible to me, If I could only bring you down all would lie well. Of course I might have fled from the house, but my curlosity was nearly as strong as my fear. My mind was soon made up. I would seenly you a way. I not on my hat and cloak.

ethology of the phonon of the service company of the company of th

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE. STORIES FROM THE WATERY THREE QUARTERS OF THE KARTH.

A Long One by W. Clark Russell, and Sev. eral Short Ones From the Ports at Which Ships Come in From the Trackiess Deep.

From Wit and Widom.

On a December morning, in the year 1883, a mail steamer, homeward bound from a New Zealand port, was approaching the meridian of the Horn, but on a parallel more southerly than it is now the custom of steamships to take in rounding that stormy, ice-girt, desolate, and most inhospitable of all headlands.

December in those distant regions is mid-

summer, and the weather of that morning was as fair and still as a breezeless April day in this country, but the swell of the vast tract of ocean ran ceaselessly -reminiscent respira-tions of a giantess whose conflict with the heavens is eternal, and whose breathing pauses are very few and far between, indeed. Over this long, dark blue, westerly swell the great metal fabric went sweeping in long. floating, launching courtestes, whitening the

water astern of her with a mile of wake. The frosty sun, whose beams in that sea have something of the silvery brilliance of the electric light. flashed a score of constellations out of the gilt and glass and brass about the steamship's bows and quarters and decks. A number of passengers were pacing the long hurricane platform. Far away on the starboard beam, polsed starlike upon the keen blue rim of the ocean, was an leeberg-a dash of crystalline light against the airy sky that out there, low down, were the delicate hue of the opal. Otherwise the ocean swept naked to its confines, a plain of rich, deep blue, with the heave of the swell shouldering the morning glory under the sun as it ran, and making that part of the deep magnificent with light.

The chief officer was on the bridge; the first breakfast bell had rung and the Captain. smart as a naval officer. in buttons and lace trimmings, quitted the chart room and joined

smart as a naval officer. in buttons and lace trimmings, quitted the chart room and joined the mate to take a look around before going below. This skipper was a man of eagle sight, and instantly on directing his eyes over the ship's how he exclaimed:

"What is that black object yonder?"

The chief mate peered and the Captain levelled a telescope.

"A ship's boat," said he, "and seemingly full of people."

The boat, when sighted, was some three or four miles distant, and the speed of the steamship was about thirteen knots. In a few minutes the alarm in the engine room rangits reverberatory warning, sending a little thrill of wonder throughout the ship, so rarely is that telegraph handled on the high seas.

"I count eight men, sir," cried the chief mate, with a bloocular glass at his eye.

Again the engine-room alarm rang out; the pulsing that for dors had been caselessly throbbing through the long fabrie languished, and in a few minutes, to another summons of the mental longue below, caused, and the great steamship floated along to her own impetus slewly till the boat wan within the toss of a biseuit off the boat wan within the toss of a biseuit off the boat wan stall selforward. The occupants of the beat consisted of eight wild, hairy, veritable scarcerows of men, dressed in divers fashions—scotch caps, yellow son westers, sea boots, toil-worn monkey lackets, and the like.

"Boat alooy!" halled the Captain, as she slowly washed alongside. "What is wrong with you?"

A follow standing up in the stern sheets cried back in a strong Yankee accent:

"For Gel's sake, sir, take us aboard! Our water's almost given out, and there's nothing left to cat."

"Are you strong enough to get aboard without help?"

"Are, sir, we'll manage it."

A rope was thrown, and one after another the follows came swinging, and scrapping and scrambling up the clean side of the steamship. The passengers crowded around and gazed at thom with curiosity and pity. Their sympathetic cycs seemed to find famine painfully expressed in the leathern cou

Captain.

"(an't help it, sir: thankful enough to be here, I recken," answered the fellow who had called from the stern sheets and who acted as

called from the stern sheets and who acted as spokesman.
"Anything belonging to you to come out?"
"Nothing, by the Etarnal!" Lot her go, sir. If sailors' sea blessings can freight a crait she ain't going to float long."
The boat was sent a lrift, the engine belt saig out, once more the great mail steamer was thrashing over the long, tall heave of Cape Horn swell.

together with the time of its finding and whether the bottle contained any sand. In this case the bottle contained any sand. In this case the bottle contained no sand.

The point at which this tottle was cast into the sea is about 1.300 miles cast of Para and about 630 miles northeast of Bahla. Here the equatorial current sweeps along, following the trend of the coast of northern south America, the Isthmus of Fanama, Mexico, and the Gulf States. And along with it went the bottle, flouted and jeered at by goggle-eyed fishes, until it was stranded on Bolivar beach. The waif had been 370 days on the trip, provided it had just landed when Mr. Altman found it. As the distance travelled is something over 5,000 miles and as the bottle was picked up 370 days after it was set affoat it must have leafed along the way somewhat. These tramp bottles might tell some interesting tales of travel could they speak. steamer's head put so as to pass the vessel within easy hailing distance. A man abourd the bark stood in the mizzen rigging.
"Steamer ahoy!" he roared.
"Helle!"

"Steamer aboy!" he roared.
"Hello!"
"I have lost a boat and eight of my men.
Have you seen anything of her?"
The Captain, who had gained the bridge.
Hitted his hand.
"Bark aboy!" he cried. "What bark is that?"
"The George Washington, whaler, of Boston, 184 days out."
The Captain of the steamship concealed a sour grin. sour grin.
"How came you to lose your boat and the

"How came you to lose your boat and the men?"

"They stole her one middle watch and sneaked away from the ship."

The Captain of the steamship laughed.

"We have your men safe here," he shouted; "giad to learn that you are not burned down to the water's edge, and that the rest of your crew look brisk, considering that they are drowned men. Send a boat and you shall have your sailors."

Twenty minutes later the eight whalemen were being conveyed to their bark in one of their own boats, most of them grinning as they looked up at the line of heads which decorated the steamer's sides; and indeed there was some excuse for their smiles, for among them they were carrying away the £30 which had been subscribed for them. It would be interesting to know what their skipper said when he learned that they had lost a line boat for him; but ocean mail liners have to keep time, and the steamer could not wait to send a representative on board the whaler to report the many elegancies of Boston sea dialect which we may reasonably assume embellished her skipper's rhetoric.

# Days in the Glare of a Blazing Mountain. From the San Francisco Exerciner.

Among the arrivals in port to-day was the American bark Seminole, Capt. Weeden, from Newcastle, N. S. W. The voyage up was not uneventful, and some of her crew think themselves very lucky to reach San Francisco at all. On April 18, when right in the middle of the On April 18, when right in the middle of the Solomon group, the bark had a very narrow escape from being wrecked by an earthquake. It was a bright, sunny day, with not a breath of wind, and the sea was as smooth as glass. The nearestland was about twenty miles away, and there was nothing to show that anything unusual was about to take place. About half an hour before moon the watch on deck were startled by feeling the vessel shake from stem to stern, as if she had touched the ground. Capt. Weeden at once ordered the deep-sea lead to be brought up, although he was sure his vessel was in deep water at the time. About five minutes after the first sheek there was another quake, which, to use the language of Capt. Weeden, "was a dandy." The bark was lifted up at least six feet, and then rolled over to port until her rail was under water. Every timber in the vessel creaked and groaned as if the ship was about to go to ricees. All around the vessel, as far as the eye could see, the sea was heaving and tumbling, as if in a heavy storm, and tons of water poured over the rails on both sides, floading the decks. The watch below were thrown out of their banks and rushed on deek, thinking the ship had struck a rock and was going down. The shock lasted nearly a minute, and inside of twenty seconds was followed by a third, fully as severe as the one that preceded it, but it did not last more than twenty-live seconds. Solomon group, the bark had a very narrow

by a third, fully as severe as the one that preceded it, but it did not last more than twentylive seconds.

The back pitched and rolled so heavily that
the main yard was dipped in the water half a
dezen times, and it seemed as if the masts
would go ever the side. Many articles were
swent from the deck by the rush of water, and
some of the men narrowly escaped heing
dashed against the deck house and rail. It
was nearly an hour after the last shock before
the big waves subsided and the bark was once
more motionless on the water, and the crew
began to realize what had taken place. In the
cabins and forceastle everything was turned
tonsy tury, and nearly all the crockery on
beard was smashed.

That evening a breeze sprang up and the
Seminole resumed her voyage toward San
Francisco. Just before daylight on the morning of the 20th, two days after the earthquake,
the lookout reported a bright light ahead, and
it was soon proved to be a large volcano in full
blast. The blazing mountain was over forty
miles away, and yet by noon the vessel's decks
were covered with ashes over an inch deep.
For the three days and nights during which
the volcano remained in view the light was so
great that a newspaner could easily have been
read on the vessel's deck at midnight.

Capt. Weeden says it is the worst shake-up
he ever got, and he would not care for another
like it. In spite of the very severe shaking
the few bottles of ashes which were preserved
by the crew, there is nothing to show that anything out of the common occurred.

The contraction of the Captain, but often course in the captain, but often course in Problem 1999. And shall be seen that the captain is a companion of the Captain, but often course of the State of th

A POPULAR WOMAN.

JANE HADING AT HOME,

Chatting About Acting and Actresses, and

Panis, June 7.-Jane Hading lives a quiet home life with her mother in a pretty little apartment in the Boulevard des Batignoles. The sitting room in which she receives her visitors reflects the habits and tastes of the occupant. A long plane is half covered with a richly embroidered cloth, on which stand a number of photographs, old and new, souve-nirs of many climes and many vanished comrades. A big pot of flowering yellow roses fill the room with their delicate seent. A portrait of the actress as Claire de Beaulieu, her favor-ite rôle in Ohnet's "Ironmaster," is half-bidden by an old brocaded screen of Pompadour

coloring and design.

Mme. Hading wears indoors a loose, flowing tea gown of pale pink and gold brocade, ruffles of old cobweb lace edge at throat and sleeves. and a jewelled girdle confines the slender waist. Her bronze-colored hair, parted in the middle, falls in undulating masses, and is fastened in a heavy knot on the nape of the neck. When speaking, lights and shadows file across her face, and if the subject under discussion be exceptionally interesting, she emphasizes her words by slight gestures.



"Would I recommend my own young girl friends to become actresses?" she exclaimed. in answer to a question. "Yes and no. No. 12 their life is not cast in theatrical circles—yes, if they belong by family and early associations to the theatre. You see, I was so entirely us enfant de la ballel; why, I made my theatrical début at the age of 3 in the part of a certain little Blanche de Caylus, which, as you may well

the zeal of men who have done noble service in safeguarding our sailors from the practices resorted to in the past by rapacious ship owners, we think the great improvement of recent years is too often ignored, and the tendency to over-legislate very great.

In ten years the number of lives lost has decreased by nearly one-half, and when it is noted that the British fleet has in that period increased from 8% to 688 million tons this result is even more favorable. Our sailing ships are being improved in design, so as the better to withstand great storms, and the adoption of steel minimizes the danger of stranding. The small old wooden vessels are disappearing at the rate of about 1,000 a year. These facts indicate a cause why the proportion of lives lost to the total tennage entering and clearing our ports has decreased from 4.17 per 100,000 tens in 1881 to 2.0d in 1830. This represents a decrease according to tennage of one-half. In the case of steamers the increase in traffic is equal to 433 per cent, and yet there is a decrease in the number of lives lost were equal to 0.57 per 100,000 tens of steamers (requenting our ports in 1881, and in 1830 0.41 per 100,000 tens. In 1882 the ratio was 1.05, and in 1883 0.16 per 109,000 tens. These were the highest and lowest in the decade, and indicate the possibilities of great fluctuations due to extraordinary disasters. The tendency, however, is toward a substantial decrease. In ten years the deaths among masters and seamen from all causes decreased from 23.2 per 1,000 employed to 13.1 per 1,000. the state of the state of the state of the control of the control of the state of t